



MARCH

1965

PATHFINDER



PATHFINDER

DEDICATED TO THE INTEREST OF THE INMATE

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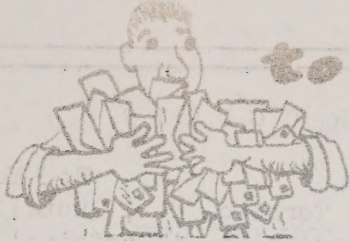
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The low court as a community representative of fairness and a bulwark of 'right' is, to put it mildly, a weak dose of salts. Failing to move efficiently it leaves a bitter taste in the mouth and does more damage than good. And the taste, if you still remember those school days, lingers long.

Before you mark this writer down as another biased, embittered convict, and throw this magazine in your trash can, let me state now that Magistrate's Court is not a festering thorn in my side; nor has it ever treated me unfairly. I believe, as every other Canadian believes, that the low court does dispense Justice, but I, and thousands of others along with me, do not believe in the quality of the Justice. For this reason most defendants, on the advice of their lawyers and risking a heavier sentence, elect to be tried by a higher court.

In this modern day and age of the 'thinking man' it seems inconceivable that one man (the magistrate) can be expected to remain infallible and aloof to preferential decision and bias. It is more illogical when you realize that the low court functions directly under an elected Mayor who is, in turn, Chief Magistrate. Fairness in court now becomes, like the precipitation, an unpredictable and regional affair working within the confines of the Criminal Code. It is small town law, mining country law, big city law; but most important, it is a weak law open and vulnerable to various pressures. It implants a fear in most of us; and cliches such as "You can't beat City Hall", and others, ring true to us as justifiable truisms.

The Press, although negligent in its responsibility towards the public in the field of penal enlightenment, has repeatedly brought to light the shortcomings of the low court. It has denounced its sentencing policy as outrageous, undemocratic, and unfair. And has even suggested a Royal Commission to revamp low court inadequacies and standardize sentences. But, all the shouting has been to no avail. The Press on this subject remains unheard. Does this point out a lethargic Canadian attitude toward penal reform? An attitude which has allowed our present system to exist. Or does it mean that the convict has not yelled loud enough and long? We wonder.



to the editor

Editor:

...We are pleased to see that Doug Bevans is continuing the column "Inside Looking Out". His article on Churchill is superb, the best that we have read.

If possible, we would like to have more news of, and from, the ADD-CAN group.

We plan on sending one subscription a month to interested friends. PATHFINDER deserves as wide a circulation as possible.

W.A. and F. Russell

Beaver Lodge, Alta.

Ed: Thanks from all. ADD-CAN article next month.

Dear Editor:

...Your new article on the "Farm Corner" was really enjoyable and do hope that it continues each month. Would it be possible to have a few more pictures put in the book? They always add a certain bit of extra interest. However, if this is not possible, keep up your good work that you are doing, and I'll be looking forward to my next eleven issues. Good luck to the new ed-

itor.

A.W. Cooper, Edmonton, Alta.

Ed: One photo inside. More in the future. We hope.

Mr. Editor:

....At times I have felt that some of your articles were hypocritical but that after all is the privilege of the convict...A few months back you used to carry a photographer on your staff. I believe Shatford was his name and your "mag" was a lot livelier. If he left, why don't you replace him? I think it would give your publication a lot more class.

Luck, Lance Miller, Washington.

Ed: Freddie is still with us and you're right, his class is needed.

Dear Sirs:

We have been enjoying the PATHFINDER for many years and would like to compliment you and your staff for the good work.

Walter Hackl. Prince Albert, Sask.

DISPARITY IN OUR COURTS.

Rod McDonald

May 30, 1964. Prince Albert Daily Herald; Toronto, C.P. Quote: "Elimination of any anomalies in sentencing policies in criminal courts was recommended Friday after a two-day national conference of jurists and law officers on the problem of sentencing." Great! It is about time, and in fact, decades overdue. Unfair sentencing is one of the biggest injustices carried on in many of the courts in Canada today.

On my range there is a man doing 10 years for robbery with violence, and on another range, a man with a very similar record, is serving 2 years for the same charge. The man doing 10 years wanted to appeal, but he received a visit from a friendly Detective and was advised to leave well enough alone, or he would be further charged as a Habitual Criminal.

Two men are in here serving 7 years for forging cheques, and yet another man, whom many know, received 1 year in Fort Saskatchewan Jail for the same thing. All three have almost identical records.

A man in here is serving out 10 years for Breaking and Entering, and yet another ex-inmate from here has just finished a 10 month's sentence in the Correctional Institute for 4 charges of breaking and entering (good luck to him) and, although there is a difference in their ages, their records are very close.

The list goes on and on. There are probably a hundred or more similar cases in here right now, or at least in Alberta/Saskatchewan alone. Members of The National Parole Board have travelled Canada from coast to coast advocating longer sentences, and yet the number of paroles in 1962 was 875 compared to only 677 in 1963. Sentences are getting longer and paroles are getting fewer! Many men are going straight to-day, and they learned their lessons from reasonable, not excessive sentencing.

Who is going to interfere and see that Justice is done? The appeal courts will not over-rule a sentence unless there are very strong grounds. They do not believe in taking too much prestige away from the magistrates and judges. Furthermore, a man who does take his case to the Appeal Court is often, and mostly, without counsel. He is without funds. His court-appointed lawyer (if he is in District or Supreme Court) is finished with his case --- the convicted man is all alone.

The Administration here can do nothing about unfair sentences. They are our keepers, counsellors and instructors only.

The Parole Board will act occasionally, if a man indicates every sign of being reformed and has an after-release program. However; while they are paroling the 10 year man, there is also the reasonable possibility that the 1 year man has proven himself and has gone out on parole, years ahead of the other man. So the Parole Board cannot balance the scales either.

How can some of us who received a fair, but adequate, sentence look some of the more unfortunate in the eye, and yet we must serve these incomparable terms together? Many bitter men have walked out the front doors of different penitentiaries, after serving atrocious sentences --- anti-social for the rest of their lives.

No doubt circumstances, etc., explain the variations in sentencing in some cases, but the above three cases are almost identical in evidence, criminal records, and even marital status.

Let us hope Ottawa, or some one else, straightens this out. Even better yet, they should interview personally some of the convicted and get the facts first hand.

...B U L L E T I N...

The semi-annual election for the Inmate Recreational Committee was held on the week-end of March 27-28th. Those elected are Doug Bevans, Tommy Pomlinson, Don Kolot, Roger Savard, Don Scheerschmidt, and Laurence Delorme. Off to a fast start, as of this date April 11th, meetings have been held with Dep. Commissioner of Penitentiaries Col. Stone and Warden J. Weeks, with Deputy Warden Norfield and V/A.D.W.(IT) J. Rooney, and with Warden J. Weeks and Deputy Warden Norfield. Plans have been lryed for the fastball season, a pocket-book library for the inmates is proposed, weekly radio tapes will be made to keep the population up to date on the committee's activities, and also the future looks brighter for those interested in borrowing welfare funds to start a hobby. One very important concession granted by the Administration is that the Committee will be able to bring attention to other inmate problems as well as those pertaining to recreation.

February.....S T A T I S T I C S.....1965

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COUNT (February 28, 1965): FARM...86...MAIN INST...696...TOTAL....796	

MONTHLY REPRINT OF THE MONTHLY

I read the following description of a "good prison editor" in the Pendleton Reflector. They, in turn, got it from the Echo (Huntsville, Texas). We, PATHFINDER, got it from THE FORUM, Lincoln, Neb.

A good prison editor must be one whose editorial policy agrees with the ideas of hundreds of other inmates, no two of whom reason alike.

He must refrain from expressing his personal view lest he be accused of foisting silly opinions best kept to himself, yet he must be neither a parrot nor a copy-cat.

He must write only good news of those in high places, yet hold the interest of his readers, most of whom relish nothing but news about those in authority.

He must make no enemies lest he find all news sources closed against him; nor dare he make friends lest it seem they are influencing the policy of his publication. He must be thick-skinned as a rhinoceros, to withstand the barbs of outspoken critics; yet acutely sensitive to every vagrant breeze that might develop into a tornado of general disapproval.

He must write forcefully, pulling no punches, without incurring the displeasure of those he punched.

He must be tactful without deceit; deceitful without being caught.

He must paint a livid picture with grey paint.

He must have some education, also histrionic ability to conceal his knowledge lest he be termed superior by his writers and readers.

He must give an honest opinion of rejected copy without offending the contributor.

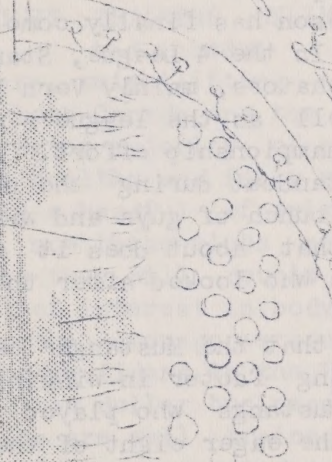
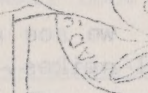
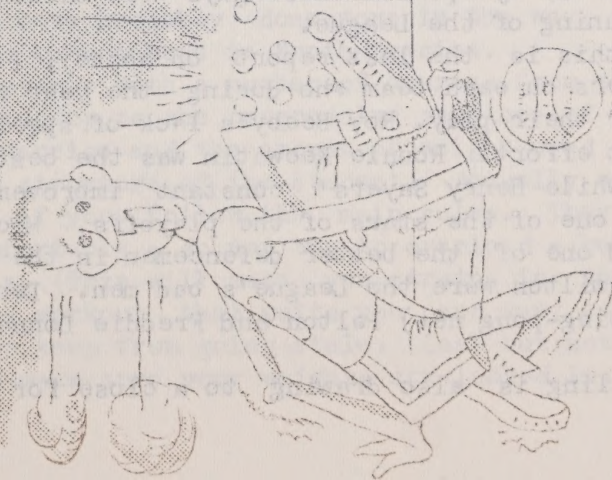
He must be fearless in his opinions, but his opinions must agree with those of his interrogator--yet he must not jeopardize the integrity of his publication by being two-faced.

This good editor never makes an error. He can ride two horses going in opposite directions at the same time. He does this while straddling a fence with both ears to the ground, meanwhile keeping his shoulder to the wheel.

These, my friends, are the qualities of a good prison editor. There never has been and never will be A GOOD PRISON EDITOR.

Where's the money? I'll be home in 10 minutes.

SPRING 1955





gerry huppe

With this March issue of Sports, we see all the future Micky Mantles oiling up their gloves and ball spikes. The Yogi Berras and John Keanes watching all prospects.

The 1964-65 hockey season has finally come to a close and all champions have been crowned. In the A League, Stan Bergen accepted the cup from one of our local senators, mainly Vern Larsen. Bergen the captain of the Canadians, as well as the league's most valuable player, was big in the Canadian's championship effort. However, Norm Roy also of the Canadians was a standout during the play-offs. The Hawks, the runners-up, were a game bunch of guys and with a few more plays could have won it all. Well that about does it for A League hockey this year. To all the fellows who looked after the rinks, thanks for a job well done.

In B League, we find that the Mustangs' bench strength once again proved to be the deciding factor in winning it all. Thanks to Ron Westad's managing, the Mustangs who played with two full lines all year were able to wear the eager eight of the Flicks down.

At this time I would like to give a vote of thanks to the managers of B League. In my opinion these guys were directly responsible for the smooth running of the League.

Since this is the last report on hockey, I'd like to salute the many players on each team who during the year received little recognition for their play. Roy Beeby's lack of speed was made up for with an all out effort. Ronnie Keewatin was the best back checker in the League, while Henry Sayers' constant improvement enabled him to emerge as one of the stars of the playoffs. Mickey Yaggey was a hard worker and one of the better defencemen in the League. John Schultz and Art Hamilton were the League's bad men. Dennie (the man with the portable ping-pong net) Pelton and Freddie Donnanco led the League in assists.

The curling is also drawing to a close for another year. Chuck

Taylor's foursome ended a successful season by winning the league title.

In our annual spring bonspiel the winner was Big Frank Schultz and the members of his rink were, Scheerschmidt, Delorme and Greene. In the spiel sponsored by the committee, the A event was the John Page rink. The B section was taken by Campbell and his group. Other members of the Page rink were; Fox, Close and Gosselin, while Campbell's outfit included Bremmer, Seigner and Keandler.

Many thanks to Ray Workman and Don Kolot who were the Drawmasters for the many spiels held during the course of the winter. Our hats are also off to the men who did an A-1 job of looking after the ice for the season, a job well done fellows.

- WEIGHT TRAINING UNLIMITED -

ted snowdon

In the last ten years, weightlifting and bodybuilding has risen to great prominence in both Canada and the United States. It has become accepted by the greater majority of people as the quickest and surest way of gaining a healthy and fully responsive body.

Where there were only a handful of weight training clubs in North America ten years ago, now these clubs number in the thousands, and if this trend continues they will double in number within the next five years. The amount of interest in bodybuilding and weightlifting would probably stagger the average person's imagination. There are five million of these bodybuilders in the United States alone. It has turned into a multi-million dollar business. The physical consultants in the majority of clubs are well trained and usually sponsored by Weider or Hoffman, two of the most noted authorities on weightlifting and bodybuilding in the world today. A fact that is little known is that these two men have probably done more in the way of promoting good physical health than anyone in North America.

Weight training starts with a number of courses, from the beginners exercises, and working up to the progressive routines of the advanced weightlifter. The exercise and the amount of weight used at the start depends on the body structure of the student. Actually weight training is very simple if you follow the main rules. They are - use a weight that is comfortable - do not try to overload - keep good body posture at all times. (This will save you strains in the shoulders, back, etc.) - pick a workout that suits you and vary your exercises from time to time to keep from going stale. Last but not least, keep your feet solid and make sure your weights are locked in. (In consid-

eration of others working around you.) A good thing to keep in mind is an old saying we have in the weight game-"You only get as much out of it as you put into it." That pretty well sums up weightlifting in general. Weight training is a sport not so much noted for public acclaim, but for the self-satisfaction one gains in himself by overcoming physical handicaps.

One of the most noted handicaps is posture. I've seen a lot of men come in for their first workout with shoulders slumped, back bent, head forward and a careless shuffling walk. Two weeks later, the same man, head and back held straight, shoulders squared away and a walk that is now brisk and lively. The reason is that he has found new vigor and vitality. In other words, the body is working at a higher potential and functioning like a precision instrument. This is only one of the advantages gained, actually any normal body conditioning can be had from correct weight training. Throughout the world men are finding newer and greater uses for weight training. One is physiotherapy. For years now they have been using weight training methods for the strengthening of broken bones and for the restoration of polio and arthritis victims. The success of these exercises show in the number of would-be hopeless cases walking around enjoying normal lives. The methods used are very similar to the ones used in everyday weight training. So it would seem that healthy exercises are a big deterrent in the contracting of diseases.

Schools in the last few years have introduced weights to their physical education classes, and a great deal of success is shown by the number of enthusiastic participants. Colleges and Universities have also introduced weightlifting and in the field of sport it is becoming very common as a conditioner.

So it goes, each year more and more people are entering the weight game. Most figure, when they acquire a set of weights, not in the money spent, but in the investment of a healthy future. Possibly in weight lifting you will find the only sport where men work out and compete in close harmony. For it is a sport void of petty jealousies and bickering, for each knows he will gain the goal he sets and that is sound physical health and deep satisfaction in the gaining of it.



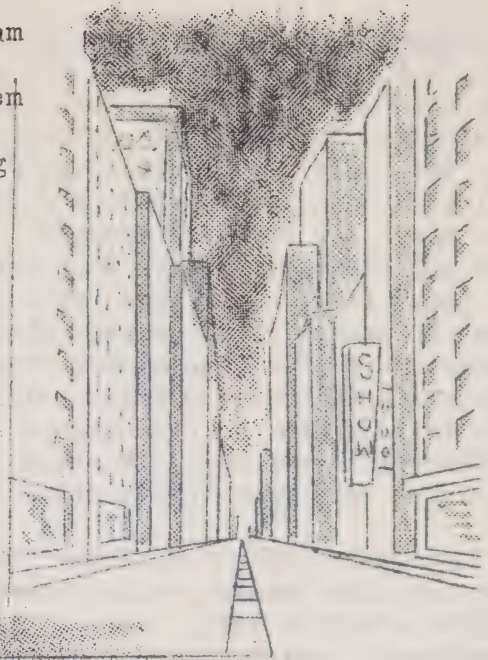
Before we go into our sports by-line of the month, I would like to thank the following Sports Writers of the month. Bob Gaucher on hockey Ted Snowden on Weightlifting Unlimited and John Bedford on Basketball. Due to lack of space, Ron Westad's report on Track and Field will not appear until next month. Thank you for the co-operation fellows.

LOST.....don cotham

The lights sparkle --- millions of them
Behind each window --- people
Loving --- hating --- dying --- living
And I'm alone ---- looking

Blankly staring down
The canyons of concrete
Crying in my sadness
For what I was.

I fight --- claw --- scratch
Striving for the top
And then ----
The aching for something lost.



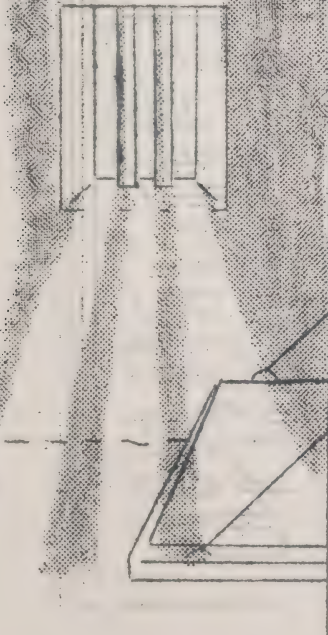
DAY DREAMING.....l. musurichan

With eyelids shut, and my mind drifting away
In an Eden of happiness and bliss
A million miles from reality
Freedom and leisure in a world amiss.

Oh, carefree moments in this vague world
In an eclipse of Paradise
Do not disturb! Do not awake!
My lids are shut tight on my eyes.

Then at once an exotic site
My miseries are forgotten indeed
I'm far away, a smile on my face
Minutes wither away, at great speed.

Without a warning, the clanging steel
Has shattered my heavenly spell
Back into this realistic world
This incarcerated life is Hell.



MINNESOTA: The Minnesota Bar Association presented a united front recently in providing counsel for the 300 prisoners in that state who filed as indigents. In the face of the ruling handed down in the case of Douglas vs. California, which holds that indigents must be furnished with counsel for, and during, appeals, the MBA provided 300 volunteer attorneys who served without fee. So far, fifty cases have been disposed of, and two prisoners have gained their freedom. Many others have been granted new trials. It is anticipated that the association will ask the Minnesota Legislature to establish a system of public defenders throughout the state to represent the indigent defendant in all criminal cases.

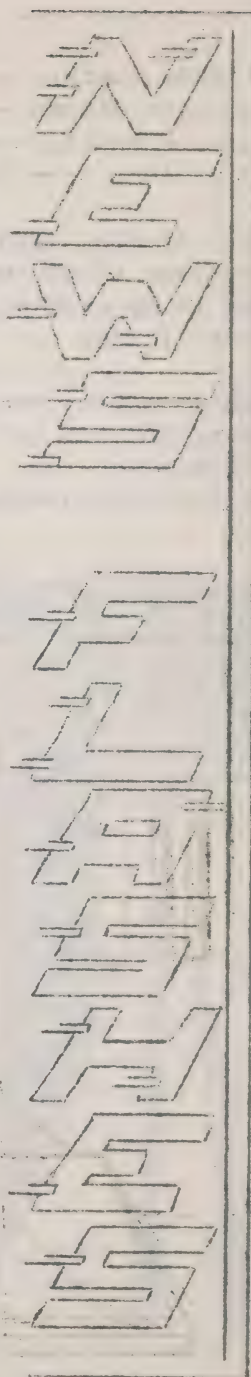
--PRESIDIO

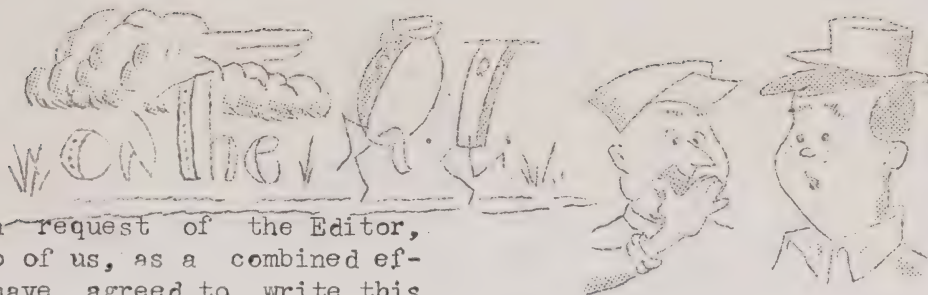
OTTAWA: March 16, 1965. There were 252 prisoners serving life sentences in federal penitentiaries at the start of 1965, Donald S. Macdonald, parliamentary secretary to Justice Minister Favreau, told the Commons yesterday. Total cost annually for keeping one prisoner is \$2,722.10, Mr. Macdonald added.

NORTH CAROLINA: PP-Pioneer in a work-release program which permits state prisoners to work at regular jobs in free society during the day and return at night to their prison quarters, North Carolina, has set another precedent by establishing an employment agency to accelerate job placements for prisoners eligible for parole. N.F. Ransdell, North Carolina Parole Board Chairman, said the program would permit prisoners to leave prison earlier after they become eligible for parole.

GRANITE, OKLAHOMA: An Oklahoma law permits men in the state reformatory to trade their blood for time off their sentences. Twenty days are chopped off a sentence for each pint of blood, but before a prisoner can donate blood he must have a perfect discipline record for at least six months.

--PENDLETON REFLECTOR





Upon request of the Editor, the two of us, as a combined effort, have agreed to write this column and keep the con informed with activities of the con.

To start things off, Charlie (The Bat) Hall was seen rapidly losing altitude from the second landing in the laundry. It was noticed after the accident that there was no serious damage done to floor or head.

We noticed a look of relief on the face of John Page directly after the new committee took over.

We overheard Doug Bevans encouraging a chap on who had casually mentioned he thought Doug's hair was coming in thicker.

We don't think the censor would approve of statements made by Joe Toner to his bridge partner, Dan Strong, after an inappropriate play by the latter. "Suffering who Joe?"

Jerry (The Shorts King) Hume gave up the washing machines for an old Holstein on the farm camp. Bob Reid taking over like an oriental though, so we think Roy (call me Yul) Henderson will survive.

Don Kolot has given up ping-pong again. His reason for this is apparently because the sport was taking too much out of him. We wonder if he was still talking about ping-pong.

Directly after hearing the announcement regarding the change of route to work in the mornings, Don Watson was heard organizing a group to take three trial runs through the course the day before it went into effect.

We wonder if the fact that Bob (slim) Glasco and Bill Gillespie are taking first aid reflects on any lack of confidence in their ability as barbers.

We overheard Stan Berg emphatically denying having anymore weed on hand than the three bales he keeps for smoking.

If this column had an award for optimism it would go to Kenny Popow who was heard making last minute arrangements before leaving on a release that would be a product of a hearing he hopes to receive. 'Til next month.....US.





NOR

KEIL

ALCOHOLISM IS MORE THAN ESCAPING SELF!

It is commonplace these days, to say that the alcoholic drinks heavily as a means of escaping from himself. This is a seductive half truth: drinking is surely a means of fleeing from oneself, but it is also something more than that. Like most fundamental human problems, it is a paradox. Drinking is both an escape from reality, and a flight into reality; only they are different kinds of reality.....

What happens to a man when he drinks a great deal? Two things at once; FIRST, his own identity becomes blurred and fragmented. He loses all "sense of himself". He is unable to see himself, to judge himself and to command and control himself. He relinquishes his internal reality. SECONDLY, and just as important, he sees the world more sharply, more clearly and more cohesively. He is able to "pick up" things about other people that would never get through to him in sober moments. He can sense inner feelings, hidden attitudes, vibrations of meaning and relationships that are lost to him in his normal state. "IN VINO VERITAS!" the Romans used to say...IN WINE THERE IS TRUTH!

The truth apprehended by the drunk is not about himself, but about others. This is what makes it so gratifying to him. FOR THERE IS SOMETHING IN THE MAKE-UP OF THE ALCOHOLIC (EITHER CHEMICAL OR PSYCHOLOGICAL, OR BOTH) THAT DOES NOT HOLD THESE REALITIES IN EQUILIBRIUM.. WHILE SOBER, THE REALITY OF HIMSELF IS OVERWHELMING, AND THE REALITY OF OTHERS IS INDISTINCT; DRINKING REVERSES THIS BALANCE, AND ENABLES HIM TO ESCAPE FROM HIMSELF AND INTO OTHERS. Unless we understand this we will be making moral judgements about him and failing to grasp the GOOD THING he is trying to do (however ineffectual) in his drinking. He wants to escape not into oblivion, but into the world of external reality, of other people. AN UNUSUALLY HIGH PERCENTAGE OF ALCOHOLICS SEEM TO BE, in their normal state, SHY, SWEET AND RESERVED PEOPLE.

--continued on page 31

The other day as I was speeding like a turtle across the yard, - aimlessly exploring again every well known cranny of the walled in space that is my world and monotonously moving over the same ground I have moved over for years, my mind, the only semi-creative element I possess, was suddenly startled out of its conscientious blankness by the loud-shouted sound of my own name. Being relatively certain (which actually means not certain at all) that I had not unconsciously howled my own name aloud, I quite naturally, if ~~long before~~ somewhat puzzledly, stopped in my tracks, which wasn't really very difficult since I was at the time barely moving at all. I gazed about in my normal vague manner, eyes slightly glassy from being so long preoccupied with absolutely nothing, seeking disinterestedly the source of my awakening and hoping that there would be one, a real one, and that the sound I had heard was not, instead, the first hallucination of incipient insanity. Much to my inner relief I saw a fairly tall man, dressed in the same conservative grey as myself, sloping along at a deliberate pace directly in my direction. That he was coming to see me and that he was the one who had bellowed so loudly was at once crystal clear, leaving unanswered only the why of it all, assuming of course that there was a why involved.

He was an average thief, this fact stood out plainly to me as I watched him coming, and I frowned about forty wrinkles as I recalled momentarily the socially-known character or press personality of him. He had been dubiously dubbed, not once but many times, with every known condemnatory adjective in the journalistic dictionary. He had run the newspaper gauntlet from 'infamous' to 'vicious' and back again, the poisonous penmanship of the reporters had never been more acute. The picture of this man, this MAN who had done something wrong, had been vividly and lividly painted in black and white, horribly distorted by the ice-blue sterility of news hungry writers, and tragically believed by a pallidly innocent public.

In the filmed eyes of the majority of the people who live beyond the perimeter of the walls he is an animal, fit, only grudgingly, to live the majority of his life in a cage, banned forever by the height of the bricks that hem him in from even looking upon the world that he has offended. He was twice convicted; once in court and once in the newspapers. It is the latter conviction that is by far the most damning to him, the one that he will never be able to get completely free of. How do you live down a lie? Especially a lie that is universally believed by a gullible public who make gospel the printing that

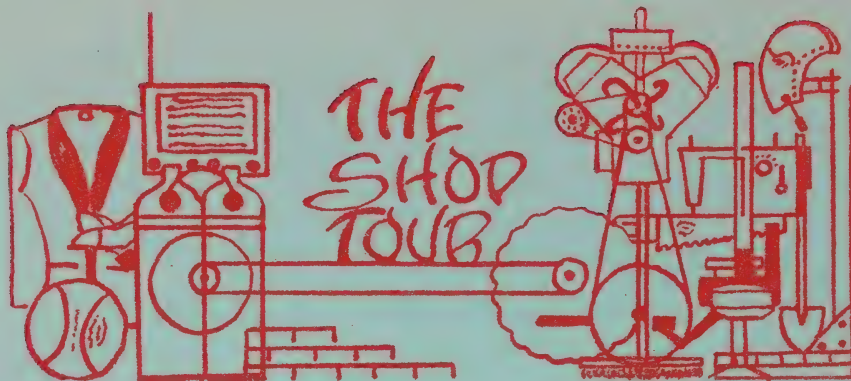
appears on the front page of a newspaper. How do you explain away an image that was never you? How do you give new sight to eyes already blinded by a carefully selected battery of words, paper-selling words that have made a social monster out of a human being? How do you talk sense to a world clamoring to be shocked, lusting for scandal, prepared to believe the absolute basest of lies about its own fellow man? A world that looks for the worst in everything then magnifies it a thousand times.

I knew this man then and I know him now. He is basically a very normal man, a little tired around the eyes and a little stooped in the shoulders. Ordinary would be the only way to describe him. Ordinary, everyday type human being, no mad glint in the eye, no burning desire to do in the world or maim mankind. He hasn't changed in all the time I have known him, both outside and in, he has always been the same, really. He is a thief, yes, and he got caught, but he never was and never will be the inhuman monster society believes him to be, he has never worn the wormy coat of words that the newspapers made for him. It doesn't fit. It is a costume motivated by money and tailored especially for the insatiable imagination of a thrill loving public, a horribly multi-hued garment that Satan himself would find sinful to wear.

He is not unique, this man, not by far. He is one of thousands of men who are similarly attired, one of thousands whose hideously distorted image has been projected on the never forgetting, never dimming screen of the collective social mind; a mind that has become keyed, through the harshness of the times, to the swift acceptance of the grotesque, the obscene and the terrifying. Until, if ever, people start to think rationally again, this man, and the nameless numbers like him, will be destined to spend the remainder of his life trying to escape the haunting echoes of the thing he is supposed to be. Tell him now that he has hope and he will tell you you're a liar. Do you blame him?

He stopped in front of me and said hello. In the manner of most conversational beginnings he told me in two words that I was growing old and that he thought my father was a bachelor. His words were easy, confident and friendly. The reason he called me was really because he believed that two could have a better conversation than one, which was a clever bit of thinking on his part and certainly the best idea I had heard all day. We strolled off comfortably in the general direction of the wall talking quietly about one thing and another, and probably looking for all the world like the two average men we really were.

And as I leave you again I am, intently, "Inside Looking Out".



EVERYBODY EATS! - SO HERE'S THE KITCHEN

Those bleary-eyed, weird characters in white clothing staggering down F-1 corridor, in the middle of the night, are not ghosts. The banging and clanging noises are not chains being dragged along the cement floor, but cell doors being opened to let the earliest risers of the institution out to work. The morning shift, up since 4:30 a.m. now bright and cheerful at five, are on their way to perform their various duties in the kitchen. Breakfast will be ready by 6:30 a.m., whether Pierre Louvain has anything to do with it or not. "The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak..." he mumbles, as he slides off his chair to the floor underneath the diet cook's table, in a dead sleep. Several attempts will be made to revive this man by the steward on duty, but our young friend is not about to be roused too easily. Especially if he thinks there might be work involved. He is French and this vulgar word simply is not in his vocabulary. Anyway he (the steward) has a whole bunch of zombies wandering about, bumping into each other and things, to worry about. But Mr. Allen has been around awhile. He has prepared coffee. Good strong coffee! Like you've never drank before. Mr. Allen has a special, secret formula guaranteed to get anything moving. If it doesn't kill you. Even the bomber shudders at the thought of it. Mr. Allen is on duty this morning, I've had a shot of coffee;...Ugh! Another day is about to begin...

The kitchen staff is made up of fifty-seven men. Seven outside stewards; Mr. W.M. Dougal, in charge, as Chief Steward, assisted by Mr. W.J. Royle, Senior Steward, and five assistant stewards. Mr. J.L. Allen, Mr. F. Bird, Mr. F. Delemarre, Mr. J. Taylor and Mr. F. Schewchuk. There are fifty inmates. About half of these work shift work; from 4:30 to 12:30 p.m. and 12:30 to 6:30 p.m. Seven men work a regular day in the officer's mess looking after approximately 150 officers.

The regular day in the main kitchen begins at 5:00 a.m. with the

morning crew. The world's littlest coffee man, Stretch O'Brewer, (the name has been changed to protect the guilty) finishes the brew started earlier. He will let the boiling water run through the twenty pounds of coffee then remove the bag. He then adds more water, according to his own judgement, bringing it to a near-boil. Two ounces of salt are added, two gallons of cream, and twenty pounds of sugar. Approx. 85 gals. of liquid is ready to be served as coffee. Steaming hot and "just right" in the coffee man's opinion. He has just now downed his fourth cup and appears to be satisfied.

In the tray room, either the cups or the trays have been soaking through the night in a solution of chlorine. They alternate, soaking the cups one night and the trays the other. If the trays have been soaked, the cup men (two) will make the toast while the tray men (two) will wash their trays and run them through the machine. The machine rinses and steams the trays and each tray is inspected for cleanliness before being used on the line. The trays are sterilized three -- times a day---after every meal.

If hot cereal is to be served, the bomber cook will have it ready. The fry cooks (two) look after eggs, bacon, french toast, pancakes, anything that is fried or grilled.

After breakfast, the entire kitchen will be washed down and kept clean throughout the whole day. The floors of the main kitchen, bake shop, basement, are washed continually during the day, the walls and windows are cleansed every morning and maintained that way. All stoves, ovens, tables, stands, machines, etc., are cleaned after each use and kept clean. Cleanliness in the kitchen is imperative and strictly adhered to.

Menus are made up by the stewards; then submitted to Ottawa for approval. After they have passed the inspection of the appointed dieticians, as a balanced and nutritious diet, they are returned to us, and the meals are made up accordingly. The noon-day meal being the heaviest, and including a soup. Extras such as bananas, grapes, etc., are bought at the discretion of Mr. Dougal. That is the choice of fruit, or whatever is to be bought with an adjunct which is spent over the entitlement allowance. Approximately 69¢ per day, per man, is spent for food. This works out to about \$250.00 a year, per man. For this institution of 700 men it costs roughly \$14,000.00 a month, or a more staggering figure of more than \$175,000.00 a year to feed this institution alone. This does not include the officer's mess or the farm camp costs which would total approximately \$40,000.00. Under our current feeding method, the dollar value is only used for total overall control, and does not affect our day to day rations which are based on quantity of food used, rather than costs. Our

foods are divided into groups such as meats, dairy products, vegetables, sugars, jams, etc. We are entitled to use a certain quantity from each group of foods per inmate per day. Food groupings are fixed and no transfers of entitlement may be made from group to group. So, in effect, our meals are controlled by preset quantities of certain key foods, regardless of costs.

The bake shop is the pride and joy of Mr. Royle --- sometimes. The other day a wheel fell off their wagon and the best part of a whole batch came tumbling down. In his efforts to save the bread, little Roy Wright was bombarded and nearly lost in the rubble. A batch of bread includes 200 lbs. of flour, 118 lbs. of water, 2 lbs. of salt, 3 lbs. of sugar and yeast, malt and arcady, and six pounds lard. One batch makes 135 loaves of bread. The bread-bakers (3) average 3 to 4 batches per day, and 5 or 6 on a Friday. In an average week over 3000 loaves of bread are baked and consumed. Approximately 1900 go for sale to the officers and R.C.M.P., and to the farm camp. More than 1100 loaves are for the institution. This keeps Al Vidlin 'in the dough' and his two sidekicks, Kelly and Zozuk, pretty busy. The pastry cooks (3) have their fill too with their cakes, cookies, pies, etc. We're still eating Christmas cake of which over 4,000 lbs. was made last Xmas.

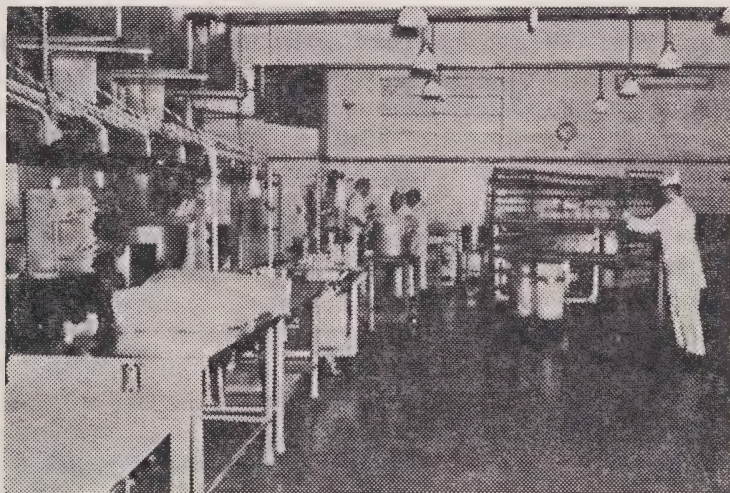
In the meat dept. the three butchers do the best they can with their cows, pigs and chickens. Since Feb. 1965, we are getting more beef than we ever have in the past. The ration for beef has been augmented from 28-32 quarters to 44 quarters a month. Pork has decreased from 65 halves to 50 halves and veal has been cut out entirely. Fowl remains the same at 600 lbs. per month. So things are improving. We can look forward to steaks more often, more roast meat, better ground meat and very little cold cuts.

Each man in the kitchen has a specific job to do and an important one as it concerns the entire population of this penitentiary. Our food is of prime importance. The Bomber Cook is the man who prepares the largest majority of the main portion of the meal. His job requires a great deal of care. He must know about cooking in general, and steam cooking in particular. He must be skilled in the use of his steam ovens and four large steam kettles (bombers) where about 85% of all our meals are cooked. Al Crawford, having worked on the bombers approximately three years and having received his entire training in institutions, mainly F.A., will soon be writing for his journeyman papers. He is the first in the history of Canadian Penitentiaries to do so in the field of cooking.

The Bomber Cooks, Fry Cooks, Diet Cooks, Bakers, all of us having to do with the actual preparation of the meals do so to the best of

our ability, and with the thought in mind that we are trying to please and satisfy each and every individual we are serving. We are limited and constrained by a number of things. Even so, under these conditions it is impossible to please everyone. Tastes vary greatly, no two men have exactly the same tastes. Appetites differ from man to man, from day to day. The count here is 702. 2106 meals will be served in one day. Each meal exactly the same as the next one. Many will be disappointed with what they are served. Personalized service is the only possible way to attain complete satisfaction and even Maxim's in Paris doesn't achieve 100%. All of us like to believe that we have lived better than this. And no doubt we all have. Maxim's is still in Paris, Broussard's is still in New Orleans, and Fernando's Hideaway is still in Calgary. These places will be available to us again and we can have wine with our meals. Until then, what we get here will keep us alive and healthy.

View of the Kitchen



PATFINDER, wishes to acknowledge Fred Shatford for his time and effort in taking this picture; also thanks to the Print-Shop staff for printing same. It is hoped this will be the beginning of a series of informative, clearly printed pictures on our local scene.

THE BITCH

doug bevans

There has been a great deal of controversy of late and in the past over the Habitual Criminal Act and the justification of its implementation. Two of the most basic questions concerning it are, "Is it just?", and "Does it serve any useful purpose?". My answer to these questions is no. It is not just and does not serve any useful purpose.

The Habitual Criminal Act predicts the future by the yardstick of the past. Surely this is the poorest of ways of looking at tomorrow. What would have happened if all men had looked at the future as nothing more than a projected image of the past? We would be no further ahead today than we were on the first day of existence. There would be no planes, no penicillin, no scientific advances of any kind, just nothing. It is because people do change that humanity has advanced at all, that men have not remained neanderthal monsters clad in skins and lugging huge clubs.

We live in an age of supposed enlightenment. In the face of such laws as Habitual Criminal Act I would be more tempted to call it the age of enlightened supposedment. Human beings are not clairvoyant, no-one can predict the future. A man who is a thief today could very easily be not a thief tomorrow, nobody is beyond redemption.

How the devil any human being, equipped with even the most superb powers of perception, can divine when a man is going to steal, and even predict that he will steal in some future date in the far and distant future, is surely a puzzle for fools. It cannot be done and no-one, living or dead, can tell me it can be. And yet this Act, this piece of unfeeling paper, says it can be done, and even bestows on men the legal right to do it.

"You have been a thief for ten years and you'll be a thief for ten

more." What do you think of that? Does it sound reasonable? Of course it doesn't. It amounts to the same as saying "I have read your mind, looked into the crystal ball that is your future, and found with absolute certainty that you will never change." It becomes, in this form, an insult to intellect, an echo of what would be expected to be heard only in a race of charlatans.

This is an age that ostensibly subscribes to realism rather than mysticism. Yet we are, through the Habitual Criminal Act, predicting future criminal acts, things that are off in the fifth dimension of tomorrow, and we are condemning men to prison for them, just as though they were already committed. Perhaps we are, in the light of this, closer to being a race of charlatans after all.

You know, there is one very easy method by which any reader can test his or her feeling in connection with the Habitual Criminal Act and its justification. You may think you believe in it, but don't be too sure until you ask yourself this question: Should the men and women convicted under the Habitual Criminal Act be allowed to live? If you believe one hundred per cent in the infallibility of the Act then you would naturally be in favor of executing those men and women convicted under it; otherwise they become only worthless burdens of the taxpayer, unproductive, incorrigible and extremely expensive to keep alive. If the Habitual Criminal Act were just and right this would be the only practical solution wouldn't it? I mean, if the convicted habitual is never going to change, as the Act predicts, why keep him around?

The answer most people would automatically give to the question I have asked would be that those convicted should definitely not be executed. I wonder why this answer springs so readily to the lips? I don't think it is because we have become so ultra-humanitarian; we still find it expedient to hang convicted murderers without any apparent repugnance or painful twinges of conscience. No, the answer certainly did not arise from our intrinsic humanism. I think this magnanimity, if it may be called that, comes rather from the absolute knowledge that no living being can predict the future actions of any other living being and that to do so, or even attempt to do so, is a crime and an insult upon the person of the man or woman being subjected to it.

I have lived in this penitentiary for a number of years now and I tell you this; I have never met a Habitual Criminal. I have met many men wearing the "label" Habitual Criminal, but believe me it amounts to no more than that. They are men with values and, like all men living in this century, those values are open to change, and their tomorrows are as unpredictable as yours or mine.

THE BIG KICK

Short
Story...

dick blair

Elaine's laughter streamed out of the red convertible as she took the hair pin curve at eighty five. Beside her, with his feet firmly placed against the floorboards, was her current boy friend.

"Slow down!" Tom yelled. Sweat streamed from his face as Elaine floored the red Corvette into the straightaway. He watched the rear of the car before them as she guided the car into the path of the oncoming truck. The distance between them shrunk, and at the last second she pulled back in front of the car beside her. Tom held his breath as they fishtailed from one side of the road to the other. Elaine finally straightened it out and stopped at the shoulder of the highway.

"Great," she said, resting her head back on the warm leather. "Did you see that truck driver? I bet he's still shaking."

Tom relaxed and tried to force a laugh from his churning stomach. "Yes," he said, "you sure had him worried."

"It was a good kick, wasn't it Tom?" she asked, noticing his shaking hands. "You weren't scared were you?"

"No, It was a good kick."

The driver of the car she had cut off pulled up beside them. "What are you fool-kids trying to do, kill yourselves? I got a good mind to report you."

Elaine smiled at him, and her hands gripped the wheel. "Just having fun man," she said, "won't do no good to report me though, my Daddy is the Sheriff." Her laughter rang out as the man drove off shaking his head.

"There has to be a better way for kicks," she said almost to herself, "you got any ideas?"

Tom knew that whatever he suggested she would laugh at. "Dullsville," she always said. Only once had she liked what he said. That was when he proposed that they steal a plane and take a ride. He knew that she would have, even knowing that she had never flown before. But there had been an all night watchman there, and they never

got the chance.

"Good movie at the drive-in tonight," he said hopefully.

"Rullsville," she answered, "I know, the creatures are going out tonight, so maybe we can create something. Drop over about seven, and we'll sort something out."

Tom got off at his house, and waved as she drove off. "Crazy," he said forcing a laugh, "She's got to be crazy."

The Hi-Fi blasted the music into every corner of the room, as Elaine and Tom relaxed on the long couch. Elaine went to the player, and flicked a switch. The sudden silence seemed deafening.

"Want to shoot targets for awhile?" she asked. Her father has a small firing pit in their soundproofed basement.

"Sure," said Tom. He always enjoyed firing her father's thirty-eight.

Elaine went into her father's den, and brought out the gun and a box of shells.

Tom was on his way to the basement, when she called him back. He noticed her bright smile, as she held the gun in her hand.

"I got an idea for a real good kick," she said excitedly. "Let's make like the Russians."

She sat on the couch and spilled some shells from the box. Selecting one, she flipped open the cylinder and put it in.

"You want to be first?" she asked.

Tom hesitated, "I guess so," he said. He was sure she was joking. He took the gun, and spun the cylinder, "Just like the movies."

He held the gun in his hand, and realized she was serious.

"Go ahead man," she said.

"We better put it away," Tom said. His smile was frozen on his pale face.

She jerked the gun from him, and ran her palm along the barrel. "I'll do it first, and then you."

"If you want," he answered with a sick feeling in his stomach. She spun the cylinder, and raised the gun to her right temple.

"Look in my eyes when I do it."

He sat and watched as her finger tightened against the trigger. Sweat was starting to form on her upper lip. The "click" that followed seemed like an explosion to him.

She dropped the gun to the couch and almost collapsed. "Tops," she moaned. "Oh man, a real kick." She leaned back to rest against the deep cushions and said, "Get some cokes from the fridge, that was the best ever."

Tom went to the kitchen and returned with the drinks. He tried to force some down, but his throat felt blocked. In spite of the heat,

deep cushions and said, "Get some cokes from the fridge, that was the best ever."

Tom went to the kitchen and returned with the drinks. He tried to force some down, but his throat felt blocked. In spite of the heat, his whole body felt cold.

"Your turn Tom," she reminded him.

Tom took the gun from her, and spun the cylinder a few times. He raised the gun to point at his forehead. His hand was so moist, he almost dropped it.

"Don't chill!" Elaine almost shouted. She gripped his free hand in both of hers, and told him, "Look at me. Look in my eyes."

The gun was a weight he could no longer control. With a sob, he lowered it to the couch.

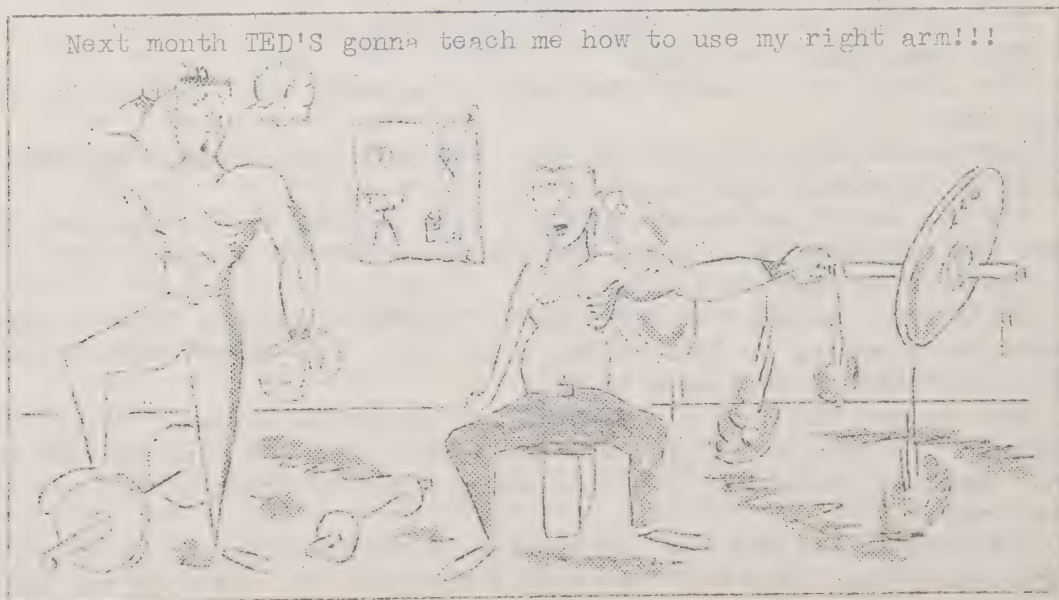
"I can't!" he cried, "I can't do it!" His hands covered the tears that formed in his eyes.

"You chilled!" she screamed, "You ruined it!" Grabbing the gun from the couch, she tried to force it back in his hand. It fell with a thud to the carpet.

"I'm sorry," he sobbed, "I can't." He lifted his trembling body from the couch and quickly left.

Elaine drank the rest of her coke before she picked the gun up. "It was the real big kick," she said out loud, "and he had to ruin it."

She flipped open the cylinder, and removed the six bullets.

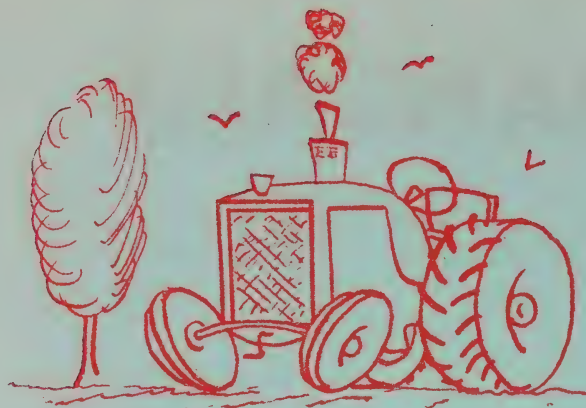


PAGE FRANCAISE

L'UNITE CANADIENNE.....yves gagnon

Comme dans tout autre pays, le gouvernement Canadien n'est pas sans problèmes et difficultés. Mais hélas, notre gouvernement actuel semble donner préférence aux problèmes internationaux, et entre-temps nous avons à faire face à une situation beaucoup plus pressante, ici même sur le sol Canadien. Notre unité, mes chers lecteurs, est pratiquement tombée à zéro, et c'est à nous que cette difficile besogne revient. J'admet que certains de nos citoyens ont les idées très étroites, mais allons-nous nous laisser enjoler? Ce sont ces gens-là qui ont agité certains mouvements au Québec et à travers le Canada, - la "F.I.Q." étant un des plus populaires. Un vieux dicton nous dit "Le silence est d'or mais la parole est d'argent." Aujourd'hui, je crois que la parole ne suffit plus. C'est bien beau de parler et de penser, mais là on en est à un point où "Assez est Assez!" Ce qui veut dire qu'il nous (Citoyens Canadien) faut "Prendre le boeuf par les cornes" et lutter. Oui, mes amis, c'est à l'action qu'il nous faut passer. Par ça, je ne veux pas dire qu'il nous faut tout faire sauter pour pouvoir attirer l'attention du gouvernement. Non, il faut prendre des mesures plus douces et plus diplomatiques. Nous avons un député, alors laissons-lui savoir que nous sommes Canadiens et que nous désirons rester unis malgré que certains idiots croient savoir ce qui serait dans l'intérêt et l'avantage québécoise. Le Canada a besoin du Québec comme le Québec a besoin du Canada. Si, par un malheureux hasard, le Québec se détachait de la confédération, qu'arriverait-il? La seule réponse que je peux trouver est celle-ci: Avec Québec, les provinces Maritimes s'annexeraient. L'Ontario, n'étant pas très riche en ressources naturelles chercherait peut-être à se joindre au Manitoba. Il serait inévitable de dire que la Saskatchewan et l'Alberta seraient secourues par les Etats-Unis. À ce point il ne reste que la Colombie Britannique en étant très forte en ressources naturelles se déclarerait peut-être un Etat Indépendant. Après tout ce branle-bas, que reste-t-il? Rien du tout.

L'unité Canadienne devrait être pour chacun de nous, quelque chose de très précieux, une richesse sans prix. En conservant notre unité nous conservons notre fierté, et c'est là quelque chose que chacun de nous devrait entreprendre. Il nous faut penser à nos fils et à leurs fils, ainsi qu'à notre prochain. Marchons main dans la main et protégeons notre Canada contre tout possible ennemi.



FARM NEWS

danny hadden

Howdy everybody. Well here I am again with another report from the good old farm camp. Big Chris Sinclair, the good natured chap who looks after the incinerator out here at the camp, gets honourable mention this month as being the kindest man in camp. All during this cold winter, Chris has provided food and shelter for all the stray cats in the entire area. Not only has he converted the incinerator into a sort of sanctuary for stray cats, but for a skunk as well! As a general rule a skunk is a most distasteful little smelly animal, but big Chris likes this skunk and has it eating out of his hand. Chris says it's a momma skunk and expecting in the near future. So, if any of our PATHFINDER readers wants a baby skunk for a pet, contact Chris Sinclair out here at the farm camp.

Altho' this column is devoted to the men out here at the farm camp I do want to mention, that while I attended sick parade inside the wall last month, I had the good fortune of meeting some of my old friends in there, who all seemed to be getting along quite well, and I must say that it was nice seeing them again.

Altho' our hockey team was not in a league, to see them in action against visiting teams from town, you would think that they were playing for the Stanley Cup. The team played a total of 26 games and their record stands at 14 wins, 11 losses and 1 tie. Ken Shingoose was top man on the team in the point department. Ken had a total of 73 points, 42 goals and 31 assists, which is a very impressive record indeed. John Bury was next in points with 57, 31 goals and 26 assists. John was sort of a Peck's bad boy on the ice, having served a total of 47 minutes in the penalty box, which is incidentally slightly more than the whole team spent in penalties during their 26 games. Jim McKay was third man on the totem pole with points. Jim had 45 points,

34 goals and 11 assists. Taking everything into consideration, I think the boys spent an enjoyable winter playing hockey out here at the camp this winter. At this time of writing, there is a curling bonspiel in session in which there are eight rinks entered in a round robin affair of which the final results for you in my next month's report.

Also in my next month's report, I'll have the results of the exams taken on the First Aid course by twenty-four men here at the camp last month. It may be somewhat newsworthy to mention here, that two of the men who wrote the exam, were going for very high standings in First Aid work. Bill Green who is no spring chicken, wrote an exam for his 'Label' in first aid, and if he passed this exam, he has a great deal of credit coming to him indeed. So I certainly hope you made it Bill old chap. Eddy Dechamps, another chap who is no stranger hereabouts, wrote the exam for the medallion, another high standing in First Aid. To both of these men, (being a First Aider myself,) I personally want to wish them much success as First Aiders in the years to come. Still on First Aid, I want to take this opportunity of telling Mr. Shier, the First Aid Course Instructor, that he is doing a very fine job teaching first aid to the men of this institution. I think I'll be safe in saying, that all the men who have taken this course, under Mr. Shier's pleasant instructing ability, have not only passed their exams, but bettered themselves as well. So to you Mr. Shier, goes a well meant thank you indeed.

Getting back to our sporting activities for a moment or two; John Bury, the ice-maker, has been having a tough time of it these past few weeks. It seems like the weather just won't co-operate. A mild spell moved in and just about melted all the ice on the curling rinks. "Why didn't you cover the ice with snow?" John was asked, "Why didn't you put high boards up along the sides? Why didn't you flood after midnight when it was cold? Why this? Why that?" Poor John didn't know what to do. He got more belated suggestions from the sideline experts than you can shake a stick at. Finally cold weather moved in and solved the problem. Ken Shingoose and Horest Leclerc, two of John's hockey playing buddies worked on the ice with John to put it back in playable condition, so to these two boys, goes a big thank you fellows. While we're on the subject of thanking certain chaps for doing good deeds. I think we should thank David Sipes for the good work he has done during the winter keeping the hockey team statistics. So, David old chap, on behalf of the entire hockey team, thank you for a job well done. Well friends, I think I have told you all there is to tell about what's shakin' out here at the farm camp for this month. So, until next month; So long everybody.

LOOKING BACK



Greetings and salutations, Young J.C. has made the scene again. The year is 1954 and the old place hasn't changed a bit in my absence. The wall is still as high, the towers are still manned; so in spite of its location, the Federal Penitentiary at Prince Albert is truly a prison and not a frontier work camp for the lawbreakers of Saskatchewan and Alberta. Not only is it a prison, it is also a Trade School, a Sport's Centre and a place attempting the Rehabilitation of the various men who will call it Home for a period of two years or more. But its main purpose is made evident by the everpresent wall, gates and bars; you will be confined here until your sentence is completed.

The reception centre is now in a new location, it also has added duties according to the sign on the door which reads - 'Reception and Discharge Centre'. With a different name and a new location it is too much to hope for a new routine, however, even this has shown some sign of our progressive times. No more creosote dip and no baldy hair cut. What do you think of that? Not even in the place and already you can comb the difference in treatment! One item that will never change is the selection of clothing kept on hand in the Reception Centre: clothes come in two sizes-too darn big and Woweee! If ever a man entertained serious thoughts of reformation, it was while the 'Bankers' were being dropped into a clothing bag along with the rest of your threads, and you looked on wearing a suit cut for 'Man-Mountain-Mike' and your toes were scrunched into a pair of ones-and-twos made for Tom Thumb. Someone should ask me now if I'll ever do it again.

Now through the Dome and into a cell on the 'Fish Tier'. Tomorrow it is classification and a new deal called indoctrination; seems a man has to run an entirely different gamut, starting with placement and ending in department. The changes are certainly evident, men in this place are no longer Convicts, they are Inmates....Now, doesn't that make you feel more wanted?

Word has it that the Boiler House is as good a place as any to work, so I'm ready for the classification process. I will simply tell them that my brother has bought an apartment block and this is an ex-

cellent opportunity for me to learn the basic requirements for running a boiler and to get an idea of general janitorial work. Funny thing, I've the impression nobody believed one word I said! Still, they gave me a Boiler House placement, so everything is alright.

Twenty-thousand wheelbarrows full of ashes and countless tons of dirty, dusty coal later and you are beginning to wonder - 'who fooled who?' Maybe the classification people aren't so easily led astray after all. Oh well, the place does have its advantages so we'll tough it out.

Riots are never pleasant, nor the after affects. A person never realizes how defenceless he is until the tear gas starts smarting the eyes and bullets are ricocheting off the masonry. Is it possible one of those stray shots is destined for your derriere? The less said about this segment of the past, the better. Needless to say, things were in a turmoil for quite a while, but as in all cases where men in prisons are involved with an unpleasant situation, most of us look for the easiest way out. In my own case, this entailed a transfer from the potato gang to the Pathfinder as Sports Editor, a position comparable to having a free pass to all sports events in the neighbourhood and nothing to do between times other than wait for the next game to start. Bridge, anyone?

The ensuing months speed quickly by at their usual snail's pace, - 1957 promises to be an exceptional year as far as the men in this and other Canadian prisons are concerned. In spite of this, the thought of leaving shortly after the new year is still very pleasant.

So, adieu for now, will pick you up in '64 and we will look at the intervening years together.

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(continued from page 15)

But much of this shyness is caused by the inability to project, to relate and to expand the confines of the ego beyond its shrunken boundaries. Drinking becomes the way of breaking out of this shell into the outer world. It is a slavery, but it is also, in a peculiar pathologicol way.....FREEDOM. It is temporarily an emancipation from self that looms too large and too threateningly. The alcoholic is not drinking to kill himself, (as is popularly believed) but to make himself come alive. This is the only way he knows how to do it; a tragically futile way. He is looking for fellowship, and can only obliterate himself to find it, or its sad and transient counterfeit.

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PRISONER: "It is difficult to see how I can be a forger. Why, I can't even sign my own name."

LAWYER: "You're not charged with signing your own name." (Wkly. Prog.)

penal press

THE MENARD TIME - State Pen. Menard, Illinois. 62259

Congratulations from PATHFINDER on your 31st year of publication and the official proclamation of 'Menard Time Day' in Illinois by Governor Otto Kerner. Best wishes and 'rotse ruck' in reaching your goal of 10,000 circulation by 1967. Truly, 'One of America's Foremost Prison Newspapers'.

M.P. NEWS - State Prison, Box 7, Deer Lodge, Montana. 59722

And on Feb. 25, there it was, The 'Reader's Digest' of the Penal Publications - The M.P. NEWS! 'Dig your reproductions of the 'actual' letters to the Editor. Very novel indeed. Re. your reprint-'EDUCATION MAKES THE DIFFERENCE', -'wonder what the statistics are on the average, 'average inmate'?

THE EYE OPENER - State Pen. Box 97, McAlester, Oklahoma. 74502

March issue; Time On My Hands by Tuggles - 'and it was ever thus'. We find that your reprint 'Stiffer sentences etc.' from the PENTLETON REFLECTOR goes hand in hand with your article - 'Generalizing from Particulars'. The question now arises - does John Q. Public realize that HE is generalizing by condemning all ex-cons?

TIME AND TIED - Box 25, Lorton, Virginia.

Our apologies for mis-spelling TIDE as TIED or TIED as TIDE or.... oh well, anyway....

INSIDE WORLD - State Pen. Box 225, Parchman, Mississippi.

Your article 'OUTCASTS' certainly points up the problem alright. Quote: 'Why must Society erect another type of bars when convicts have paid their debt to Society and return only to find they are Social Outcasts? This is not a matter of ex-convicts being bitter or resentful, this is reality!' You better believe it man!

A LARGE HELLO and THANKS for Penal Publication exchanges - to all the other Houses of Correction, Detention, Reformation etc. etc.
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On the Prowl!!!

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